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pianos, but we repeat that we consider them really splendid instruments; fine in tone, admirable in touch, and made in the most thoroughly workmanlike manner. By skill, industry, and a determined will, Mr. Weber has risen in a very few years to an enviable position as a manufacturer, and has built up an extensive business, and a first class reputation.

The rapid increase of his business has compelled him to enlarge his means of manufacturing, and his new factory, corner of 17th street and 7th Avenue, will be both handsome and commodious. It will have a frontage of 150 feet by 40 feet wide; height five stories, and basement. It will be built of brick with marble facings, and is to be ready for occupation early in 1867. It will be an ornament to the city.

Mr. Weber attributes his great success to the happy combination which he presents, being both a musician and a mechanic. The union has, indeed, worked well in his case.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

If it is true that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," surely the medium which secures to us, that "joy forever," should receive the high praise which is its due. The medium, acknowledged by all, is Laird's Bloom of Youth. It is a compound of rare excellence, the materials being of the simplest character and perfectly innocuous. Unlike many preparations for the skin, which impart great brilliancy to the complexion at the cost of severe cutaneous diseases, the Bloom of Youth not only gives beauty to the complexion, but adds increased bloom to the beautiful, and better still, preserves it, smoothing wrinkles and adding a softness and elasticity to the skin, without leaving a trace of its operations.

We know ladies who have used the Bloom of Youth for years as an unconcealed part of their toilet, as a simple and refreshing aid to nature, charming in its results, and free from all the objections of the coarser and deliterious cosmetics.

We have no hesitation in recommending George W. Laird's Bloom of Youth, as the purest and most beautiful preparation for the toilette now in use.

PROGRESS. An Allegorical Picture, by H. BALLING.

A photographic picture, entitled Progress from a drawing, by H. Balling, has just been issued. It is an allegorical portrayal of the subject, and is highly imaginative. The artist thus describes the treatment of the subject:—The locomotive suggested itself as the most forcible symbol I could select, and when I came to examine locomotives in connection herewith I was agreeably surprised to find the lines so beautiful, so well suited to my purpose, the cowcatcher was the very thing I wanted to deal with vulgar physical power which I represent by the nude figure, whose only demonstration is to grasp in agony the despotic powers to which prostrate though they be, he adheres with the stupid obstinacy of a groveling nature. These despotic powers here indicated below, I trust them to the justice of the future, may they even thus be crushed and forever exterminated. Liberty I have represented in the act of mounting the locomotive; that her mission is from God for the renovation of mankind, is signified by the uplifted arm, with finger pointing heavenward. The small flag on the engine an-

nounces, train following. On one side sits Justice with the bird of wisdom on her shoulder preceded by the Herald awaking the nations. Peace and Love are grouped on your right hand, under which are visible the glittering bayonets interposed by the enemies of progress, but bayonets are twisted, chains broken, and instruments of torture destroyed by the power of science, the *ugly cowcatcher*.

The triumph of science, as represented by the aged figure seated before a globe, holding in one hand a circle, in the other a knot of telegraphic wires, the end of which a mechanic makes fast to the pole, thus making it practically useful. Representatives of commerce, without distinction of race attentively watch, and heartily cheer the advance of science, appreciating the benefits flowing therefrom to themselves. On the other side of Liberty emerging from the folds of her robe behold Plenty turning to exchange a passing joke with the little assistant who lends his back to support the canvass of the artist. Just beyond the artist, a sculptor is working out a figure representing poetry. Farther back a chorus of angels chant a hymn in praise of Liberty—acting as leader of the choir, is the genius of music, a little cherub perched upon a harp. Upon the rising sun under the bird of Freedom I have introduced "Thorwaldsen's Morning."

Mr. Balling has carried out his design with great spirit and effect. The figures are well grouped round the central object, and are full of action. As a study of faces alone, the picture has great merit, but in the group of bad spirits, crouching before the mighty engine of Progress, there is some magnificent drawing. The numberless details necessary to fully develop the subject, are well imagined and give continuity to the thought. Both in conception and execution the work is highly creditable to the artist.

PIPS FROM PUNCH.

PIP VII.

"Rock me to sleep."

This song illustrates the truth that melody and air are synonymous terms in modern music, whatever they may have been in that of ancient Greece and Rome. The following lines are full of a certain inspiration:

"Rock me to sleep, thy father's hest
Demands this boon, O daughter fair;
As, dinner done, he sinks to rest
In his Americanian chair.

"The chord must be at times unstrung,
My darling child, my saucy minx.
Rock me to sleep, and hold thy tongue,
While I enjoy my forty winks."

PIP VIII.

"Hark the Bells are ringing."

The bells have more than once, unless our memory deceives us (and we should be very much ashamed of it, could we think it capable of such an act), been alluded to in lyrical verse. Nevertheless an original composer and original poet will attain novelty of treatment, however hackneyed the theme. We like the merry gaiety of the lines which follow:

"Hark, the bells are ringing, ringing,
Through the wide, the wide hotel,
Chambermaids are bringing, bringing
Water to each angry swell.
Yes, the bells are ringing, ringing,
Soon the gong, the gong will roar;
To the dinner table bringing
Swells and belles from every floor.
Hark, the bells, &c."

PIP IX.

"I Naviganti."

Few will be inclined to deny that if Italy is the music (not that there is not other music) there is a propriety in adapting Italian music to Italian words. Without disparaging the language in which Shakspeare wrote and Sims Reeves occasionally sings, it may be allowed that to melody of a certain kind, the Italian tongue is especially fitted, and here we think is an illustration:

"I Naviganti, ancora parlanti,
Ammonamento riscatto posso,
Frastagliaturo e ben maturante,
O mio birbone con asinino!
Non hanno eglino di tutte cattivo?
Lo questo me stesso liscenza non ho,
Franzato videte sorella rilievo
Augumentazioe avanti bravo."

PIP X.

"I cannot bear to say Farewell."

Domestic pathos, though it may be of a less elevated character than the loftier grief of poetry or the or the tragic drama, has nevertheless abundant power to touch the heartstrings in the rightly constituted bosom. When wedded to appropriate melody the conjunction is eminently successful. By the way, ought we to be quite satisfied with the consecutive sevenths approaching the dissonant fourth—but *non offendar maculis*—read this:

"I cannot bear to say, Farewell,
And yet I know 'tis right,
I sniff the dinner's fragrant smell,
I have an appetite.
But as thou dost not bid me stay,
Of course I cannot stop;
So fare-thee-well—my fare to-day
Will be one mutton chop."

PIP XI.

"When gentle ones are round us."

In a gentler mood than that of the reproachful and baffled sponge, the vocalist may deal with the following playful ditty. We have no unfavorable remark to offer upon it, but should it be successful, its success will probably induce the composer to attempt further composition:

"When gentle ones are round us
What fun is blind man's buff,
Some girl's light hand has bound us,
And scarcely tight enough.
A stealthy peep revealing
One form among the rest,
We catch 'mid general squealing,
The one we like the best."

PIP XII.

"I slept, and Oh! how sweet the Dream!"

The last composition which we have leisure or space to notice on the present occasion does not give us an opportunity of dwelling upon the advantage of an occasional infraction of the grammatical law of chromatic semitone, or we should like to have dwelt (*pace* the shade of SEBASTIAN BACH) on the diapason of the tonic pedal. But we prefer appending the beautiful lines with which we shall close the present article, merely remarking that in due season we may again proceed to an examination of similar evidences that the power of musical composition has not yet been lost in this country:

"I slept, and Oh! how sweet the dream!

In GRANGE's shop there sat but two:
And strawberries red and iciest cream,
Were brought to me by I know who.
He whispered low, his love was told,
In cream the fruit he bade me plunge,
And if I found that cream too cold,
He bade me try the cake of sponge.

He talked of all that makes up life,
Of dresses, dances, drives and drums;
Of ponies which he'd buy his wife,
And bracelets costing awful sums.
His tones grew low—I listened well,
The accents changed to Mary Tegg's;
'Your Ma have rang the breakfast bell,
And if you're late, you'll git no hegg's.'"